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# HOOSIER RHYMES

BY  
CLAYTON S. CRIDER  
AND  
A. JAY CRIDER











*“The Old Swimmin’ Hole”*

# HOOSIER RHYMES

*By*

CLAYTON S. CRIDER

AND

A. JAY CRIDER



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## A MESSAGE

THESE RHYMES ARE DEDICATED TO THE PIONEERS AND  
PIONEER DAYS OF INDIANA  
THEIR REMEMBRANCE WILL ALWAYS BRING TO ME  
THOUGHTS OF THE MEADOWS AND WOODLAND  
TRAILS, OF THE SWEET SCENT OF WILD  
FLOWERS AND SONGS OF BIRDS AT  
SUNRISE IN THE SPRING TIME

*The Farmers hoed in the early morn  
When the dogwood bloomed in the wood,  
Feeling as if once more reborn,  
Thinking kind thoughts of Love and Good.*

*Theirs was the life of strong intent,  
'Twas a duty of labor and toil;  
Theirs was the life of sweet content  
Like a breath from the forest soil.*

C. S. CRIDER



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# HOOSIER RHYMES

*by*

CLAYTON S. CRIDER *and* A. JAY CRIDER





## THE VISION

The day is ending—twilight's sombre veil  
Descends on river bend and slough  
Darkened my soul is—lost the beaten trail,  
My only guide the north star—that is you.

Ever the broken thread in warp and woof,  
Ever the song that ends in sobbing wail,  
Ever the striving to unveil the truth,  
Ever the sigh that follows great travail.

Daylight is dawning—flames of golden hue  
Flash high above the mountain peaks and hill;  
Vanished the north star—in its place is you.  
Pointing the way our destined lives to fill.

Lost is the beaten trail—but in its place  
Paths that are garnished full with thoughts of love,  
Treading new trails sedately—pace by pace,  
They lead us on to untried heights above.

## OUT-DOORS

I do not know if all your days are gloomy;  
But mine are not.  
My home is large; its halls are high and roomy;  
For-get-me-nots  
And rhododendrons grace its shaded portals;  
A polyglot  
Of flowers of many species, with rich immortals  
Bedeck the spot.

My house is all out-doors; that is, in summer,  
Autumn and spring;  
The caw of crow, bird songs, and hedgerow drummer  
Combine to bring  
A wealth of joyousness at once compelling  
My heart to sing,  
With a deep tide of gratitude upwelling  
For everything.

It is a garden spot of vast formation  
Where mignonette,  
With trailing, creeping vines, and rich carnation  
With dew are wet;  
And here I feast in fondest admiration;  
Nor quite forget  
The Builder, and the sweet creation  
His hand hath set.



## GIFTS UNGIVEN

The light of a love had come too late,  
Where the watching had been so long;  
For the mortal strain had induced a fate,  
That had blighted the smiles and song  
Of a cheerful soul, of a tender heart,  
When time and the test of its gifts depart.

A promise of strength was so long unkept,  
It failed in its flight to the weak;  
And numberless moments a mortal wept,  
Hollow of eye and cheek,  
And the grief of one in the churchyard laid  
Was charged to the one who the promise made.

Profusion of flowers upon the clay  
While scattering rich perfume,  
Perhaps may have lengthened a life a day,  
In an invalid's darkened room;  
And a pillow deserved by an aching head  
Was reserved for the unresponding dead.

## GLORIOUS WINTER

I love old Winter. In the spring  
When mating birdlings chirp and sing,  
I dream back o'er each cozy night  
Before the cheery hearth-fire bright.  
I love old Winter.

I love old Winter. Every summer  
When heat-blasts put me on the hummer  
I long again for winter days,  
For winter sports and winter plays.  
I love old Winter

I love old Winter. In the fall  
When pumpkins glow and harvests call,  
I think again of sled and ski  
And all old Winter means to me.  
I love old Winter.

Yes, I love Winter—but when chills  
Creep up my spine, and monthly bills  
For coal and wood take my last dime—  
Why I love Winter all the time  
—Except in Winter.

## NOW, JUST WHICH DO YOU NEED?

There was a quack doctor lived back in the hills,  
Who used two concoctions to cure human ills;  
The first, an emetic—"the best in creation"—  
The other would fix any old "constipation"  
One he called "Tweedledum" the other "Tweedledee,"  
Both made of the bark of the same bloomin' tree;

He skinned the bark upwards to make "Tweedledum,"  
And to make "Tweedledee" he skinned downwards, by gum.  
And the people, whenever they got sick abed,  
Swallowed whichever the quack doctor said;  
For the people are easy and grafters are slick,  
And more suckers wear breeches than swim in the creek

## THE FACE IN THE CREEK

A maiden sat down on a stone, mossy covered,  
And watched the clear ripple that passed at her feet,  
While down in the water her face I discovered,  
A picture of innocence, blushing and sweet.

She was dreaming of something with wide-awake features  
That looked most becoming from under her hat,  
And as I've a fancy for beautiful creatures,  
I stopped on the bank where my innocent sat.

I waited and watched till the dreaming was ended,  
And presumed to pass on as she turned on the stone,  
But she knew me, and then in her countenance blended  
The looks of surprise and of welcome, as one.

To the question, "how came I so near her?" I told her  
I meant to pass by her retreat from behind,  
When a face in the creek that I saw o'er her shoulder  
Prepared me at once for a change in my mind.

"A face in the creek!" she replied, and in looking,  
She saw at her shoulder my head bending o'er;  
"Why, yes," she replied, in her shy way of joking,  
"But indeed, I saw none but *my own* there before!"

## THE PAST WILL SEEM THE BEST.

Whatever the future years contain  
Of friendship's lovely charm;  
Whatever of health, or wealth, or gain,  
Or shield from threat'ning harm;  
Whatever the sweets in golden bowls  
Answering each request,  
Accounting the years that surge and roll,  
The past will seem the best.

The current of life in waters blue,  
Between the hills of green;  
Is passing the rocks of shadowy hue  
That hang in the changing scene;  
The star of hope may guide the barque  
Toward the sea of rest;  
But some of the days are long and dark—  
And the past will seem the best.

The promising tower of fame, that stands  
On distant heights beyond,  
Surrounded by wealth of garden lands  
Where parlors of ease are found:  
May be the goal that charms our eyes,  
But it shall not be confessed,  
For out of the years that we apprise  
The past will seem the best.

## HEART'S WISH

I would that all the tears my Mother shed—  
Instead of having fallen from her face—  
Might have been shed by me, her son, instead;  
That I had suffered sorrow in her place.

I would her locks of hair now white as snow,  
That sit becoming on her furrowed brow,  
Could be replaced by those I used to know:  
That I were wearing her gray ringlets now.

I would that all the patience shown to me  
When I, a rollicking and wayward boy,  
Could be recalled, if that recall would be  
An increase to my Mother's peace and joy.

I would the tomb now waiting for her form  
Could be my own: if God this boon would give;  
That I might be assured her pulse would warm,  
And heart would throb with but the wish to live.

## A MOTHER'S DREAM

I've a golden dream of a fairer land  
Than lips can express in song;  
Of a silvery lake with a diamond strand,  
And a white-robed angel throng.  
The inmost wish of my wearied soul,  
Comes up with a strength supreme;  
It is this: That when death shall o'er me roll,  
It will be an answered dream.

I can almost hear little angel feet,  
That I used to guide below,  
With rosy cheeks and a voice so sweet,  
In a childish yes or no.  
It is but a dream, but it must be true,  
It seems like a sacred beam;  
When the beautiful land appears in view  
I shall call it an answered dream.

The shadowy trees that adorn that land  
Are never in autumn seen,  
For the blighting frost with his withering hand,  
Falls not on the branches green.  
When all my hopes and fears have fled,  
And the future stars shall gleam,  
There will be a place for my weary head,  
And an answering to my dream.



## REVERIES

Tremulous evening bells  
Tingle the air,  
Somber, the sounding swells  
Far down the mere.  
Upland among the trees  
Lingers the waning breeze;  
Nature is wont to please,  
Nature is fair.

High up the twinkling sky  
Long leagues abound;  
Secrets enchant the eye,  
Secrets profound.  
Mind cannot grasp and hold  
Problems so manifold,  
Solving, grows weak and cold  
Worlds to descry.

Had man no other sign  
Yet should he kneel  
Down to the One divine  
Wondrous, yet real,  
Who could create the skies  
And all that in them lies,  
And himself sacrifice  
But to reveal.



## THE PLEDGE HAS BEEN REDEEMED TONIGHT

Sweet messenger of hope and love!  
With swifter wing than e'er before  
Fly from the battlements above,  
There is good news for thee in store.  
To yonder cottage in the vale,  
Be thou a messenger of light,  
Bear thou the cottagers this tale?  
"The pledge has been redeemed tonight."

Bind up the wounds and kiss the tears  
That trickle down the blanched cheek,  
O'er throw the weight of bitter years,  
Tho' hell may frown and devils shriek  
The sword of justice makes its claim  
With blood stained vict'ry in the fight,  
Angel! record another name,  
"The pledge has been redeemed tonight."

Bring out the timbrel and the drum;  
Arouse the sleeper from his dream;  
A day of hope at last has come,  
With glittering promise in its gleam.  
The past, unwrap in changeless gloom  
May fall forever from our sight,  
But there are happy days to come,  
"The pledge has been redeemed tonight."

## MAN OF THE NORTH

In a far-off land at the top of the earth,  
Where the breath of the Storm Gods sear,  
Like a burning brand from an open hearth,  
For a good six months of the year:  
A cabin stands on a birch hill-side,  
With a running brook below,  
While the nearby peaks of a great divide  
Are tipped with eternal snow.

In this cabin old with its rough hewn boards  
Lives a man of unusual mien;  
Whose clear eyes gather and seem to hoard  
Steel blue from the heaven's sheen;  
And his voice is as soft as a maiden's prayer,  
When at night time she bends the knee,  
While his head is crowned with a wealth of hair  
Flung back from a forehead free.

And his creed of life is the creed of old,  
That "Whatever is, is best,"  
For the secret of life will in time unfold,  
And bring to a worn world rest;  
And the song that he sings to the travelers few  
Who stop at his cabin door,  
Comes from a heart that is ever new,  
And a soul that delights to soar.

Why should I long for the diamonds bright,  
That deck out the wanton's breast;  
Or covet the crown of shimmering light  
That makes up a regal crest;  
For the stars in the wondrous sky above  
Are gems of the purest ray,  
And the glorious sun with its warmth of love  
Is the golden crown of each day.

## MAN OF THE NORTH

Why should I crave for the sodden hoard  
    Wrung out from the men who toil.  
Or why repine for the banquet board  
    With its load of unholy spoil,  
For the riches of earth and the gluttons boast  
    Are things of a transient day,  
While mine are gifts from the God of Hosts  
    And will live for ever and aye.

And thus he sings from the early morn  
    'Till the shadows of nighttime fall,  
And the northern lights from the unknown born  
    Sweep high through the darkening pall.  
And I ponder long on the words of the seer  
    With a soul that is filled with rest,  
For at last I can vision, a vision clear,  
    That whatever is, is best.

## THE HEART

The deep abyss of the human heart  
Is something that makes me backward start,  
For man's researches its hidden flow  
Of undercurrents lie far below.  
It is sometimes seen in bold relief  
In moments of passionate rage or grief;  
But its mystic fancies are manifold,  
And much of its feeling remains untold.

The confiding line of the dearest friend  
May reach to the seas, and have no end,  
But a suffering soul will turn its face  
At sight of a stranger, with perfect grace;  
And many a heart with a load of grief  
Would refuse, with thanks, an urged relief.

The sin that may darken a mortal's sky,  
Shut up in his heart, but not to die,  
May gnaw at his conscience with growl and frown,  
Yet through a long life he may keep it down.

So I say the heart is a deep abyss,  
The harbor of many a stolen kiss,  
A place of safety for secrets rare,  
A closet with skulls beyond compare;  
A place where the brighter wares are seen,  
Which serve to cover and serve to screen  
The passageways and crevices  
That are far below, in the heart's abyss.

## THE DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH POLE.

I met her in a reverie  
And whether introduced or not,  
I offered her my company  
And was accepted on the spot.

I promised I would call again,  
A promise that I seldom make;  
And felt that it would save me pain,  
Could I that insane promise break.

I called, the evening following,  
She met me at the wicket gate  
I wondered in my wondering  
If it were best to tarry late.

I kissed her on the knuckle tips,  
A custom chaste enough for saint  
I did not care to kiss at lips,  
Behind a crust of poison paint.

She turned the gate upon its hinge,  
And I replaced the wooden pin,  
But felt my every sinew cringe,  
To see how stiff she showed me in.

We passed an hour, I rose to skip,  
She showed me out with taper light.  
The most that passed our either lip,  
Was when I kissed her fist good-night.

## TOASTS OF REGRET

He drank a fond toast  
To the rain on the coast,  
As the shower came down overhead:  
Had his wine-glass been filled  
From the show'r, undistilled,  
Then it had not gone straight to his head.

He toasted a glass  
To the green mountain pass,  
Where the waterfall danced in the sun:  
If, instead of "highballs"  
He had drunk from the falls,  
He had not been so wholly undone.

He toasted a dram  
To each Panama dam,  
Where the current was lazy with ooze:  
He had not been so sick  
Had he drunk from the creek,  
Instead of from bottles of booze.

He drank to the thing  
Called "a bubbling spring,"  
Where the waters were fresh as the frost:  
Had the goblet contained  
What his God had ordained,  
'T would have been from the spring—at less cost.



## BABES IN THE WOOD

Under the hill in the darkened wood,  
Where the winter snows lay deep and white,  
Where the walnuts grew for the squirrels' food,  
And the owl kept a vigil watch by night,  
There are two little graves unkept and wild,  
And each is the cot of a slumbering child.

No roses there in the budding spring,  
Were seen to bloom above their heads;  
No gift did the hand of mem'ry bring,  
No tapestry for their lonely beds.  
But a stranger hand above each face  
Placed a rough-hewn plank to mark the place,  
And lettered the boards as best he could  
With the simple phrase: "Babes in the Wood."

When I pass the spot in the moonlight shades,  
The trees cast their shadows upon the snow,  
No sound in the wood nor the everglades,  
Can disturb the slumberers below;  
And my thoughts go forward to God's own time,  
For the two little strangers cold and still,  
When their song shall be set to a better rhyme,  
As they wing their way from the snow-clad hill.

## THE FIRST FALL OF SNOW

The Summer is ended, the snowflakes come down  
And cover with whiteness the valley and town.  
The hard chilling breezes that shiftingly blow  
Are quickly forgotten at sight of the snow.  
As pure as the roses that faded so soon,  
As light as the sunshine that sparkles at noon,  
An emblem of gifts that the angels bestow,  
We welcome its coming; the first fall of snow.

O, may the warm feelings that 'habit each breast  
Be free in their dealings to the poor and unblest,  
And may each word spoken to the needy that call  
Be as pure and as tender as the snowflakes that fall.  
May the crumbs from our tables outnumber them, too,  
And fall with some heavenly mission in view,  
And shield from the storm cloud of want here below,  
'Til it melts in the sunshine, like driftings of snow.

And when life's dull winter is ended at last,  
And Poverty's children from hunger have passed,  
May friends who were severed in long long ago,  
Be one at the ending like flakes of the snow.  
May robes of pure whiteness be given to wear  
To those who have suffered in patience and prayer.  
And may the cold greetings they suffer below  
Be buried, like leaves 'neath the first fall of snow.



## LETTERS FROM HOME

I have some small jewels worth keeping,  
That sparkle in mem'ry alone;  
If I should consume or mislay them,  
No worth for their loss could atone.  
But those I apprise o'er all others,  
When severed from friendship I roam,  
Would be of no value to others,  
As they are my letters from home.

The tales that were told me in childhood,  
Still serve me when pensive and lone,  
And when I remember the wildwood,  
I think of the years that are gone.  
I've tresses of ringlets long holden,  
From brows that lie low in the tomb,  
But they have grown mystic and olden,  
Because of my letters from home.

Sometimes I grow weary with toiling,  
With strangers so distant and cold;  
When under life's trouble recoiling  
And wearied with scenes that grow old;  
Yet oft in my troubles and sadness,  
And praying for sunshine to come,  
My heart is o'erwhelmed with gladness,  
At sight of my letters from home.

## THERE'S NOTHING LIKE KNOWING

This world is abounding in things that are good  
O'erflowing with honey and savory food,  
Our tastes somewhat differ but why should we cry  
With plenty of beefsteak, potatoes and pie?  
Yet in all this storehouse of mainfold wealth  
A man must be careful in guarding his health,  
In sampling sweet meats, high wines and cake—  
There's nothing like knowing just how much to take.

The ills of the stomach may not be severe  
Yet cannot be lightened with porter and beer;  
And sickness avoided is cheaper, I guess,  
Than that which is treated with best of success.  
The medicine man on the old market square  
May shake up his tonic with greatest of care,  
And take some himself for a catch-penny fake,  
But there's nothing like knowing just how much to take.

"There's nothing like knowing." If ever you wed  
And find that your wife wears a wig on her head,  
You'll think of this saying and wish you had known  
Before your small wooings to wedlock had grown,  
And if your wife's mother be savage like some,  
And you for your wife's sake conclude to succumb,  
If things should continue that way, for *your* sake  
There's nothing like knowing just how much to take.

The man who contemplates the choice of a wife  
To cast his lot joyfully with her in life  
Should have his own cottage and milk his own cow  
And allow his wife's dad to support his own *frau*.  
If he don't, and she hangs 'round, go to the store,  
And purchase some laudnum which you may show her;  
But if you don't want her to sit at your wake  
There's nothing like knowing just how much to take.

## GROWING OLD.

It is nice to grow old and retain the good style,  
The jubilant mien; the looks and the smile,  
That you carried when young, and the laughter and song  
Of your happy first years to their ending belong.

It is good to grow old; still cherishing years,  
Of strength and vitality sprinkled with tears  
That you lived long ago—'Tis the cream of old age  
To look back with pride on a well written page.

It is fine to grow old; while you're looking so young.  
To know that you're still being one of the throng,  
By precept and practice, with blessings untold.  
It should be, it must be, just fine to grow old.

It is well to grow old, as the sight becomes dim,  
The vision of faith becomes centered on Him—  
Who alone can restore, and by faith you behold;  
Something better than dross. It is well to grow old.

## LOVE'S MODERN DREAM

I'd a dream of you last night  
That was sweet and wondrous real;  
You were dressed in spotless white,  
Gaiters with a dainty heel.

"That was sweet and wondrous real,"  
'Cause you wear them thus, you know;  
"Gaiters with a dainty heel,"  
At your throat a ribbon bow,

"'Cause you wear them thus, you know,"  
Bows of white and bows of blue,  
"At your throat a ribbon bow"  
Seems the proper thing for you.

"Bows of white and bows of blue,"  
Neatly fastened in the hair,  
"Seems the proper thing for you,"  
And I dreamed I saw them there.

"Neatly fastened in the hair,"  
Diamonds have a wondrous charm;  
"And I dreamed I saw them there"  
As you raised your shapely arm.

"Diamonds have a wondrous charm,"  
Worn by creatures passing sweet,  
"As you raised your shapely arm,  
I was kneeling at your feet.

"Worn by creatures passing sweet,"  
Diamond's an attractive gem.  
"I was kneeling at your feet,"  
Worshiping your diadem.

## “FOR YOU”

'T was only a tiny, glist'ning curl,  
Nor ribbon of red or blue,  
Addressed by the hand of a lovely girl  
In the simple words “for you.”  
He opened the scrap of tissue white  
That covered the curl from view,  
And the ringlet shone in the morning light  
With a radiance fresh and new.

'Twas a simple gift, but it served to tell  
What the actions may subdue;  
That the giver remembered him long and well,  
With a memory strong and true.  
And while the days that are going by  
May call it her last adieu,  
He will never forget with that lock of jet,  
The simple address “for you.”

## “MEMORIES”

Beyond the broad canopy covered with stars,  
I find many beautiful things to behold;  
The orange and palm in the southland afar,  
The forests of pine where the seasons are cold.  
Yet could I but gather them all on the wind,  
And place them in one grand artistical view,  
With all their attractions I think I could find  
More pleasure in just a few glances at you.

Sometimes with my thoughts I am seated alone,  
While memories crowd themselves into my soul,  
Some lend me a pleasure through works I have done,  
While others may savor of wormwood and gall.  
My tho'ts are extracting through days long ago  
The bitter and sweet that my infancy knew,  
While strangely reflected above them each one;  
Is something that always reminds me of you.

My soul may have struggled with poverty's gift,  
My heart may have throbbed intermittent and dull;  
My current of hope may at times have been swift,  
Or refused to reflect the faint star of my goal.  
I have sometimes been seized with desire so profound,  
It seemed all things only my wants could subdue,  
But no other wish in my bosom is found,  
Since I have been earnestly wishing for you.



## PROGRESSION

The old, old wheel-barrow that stood by the crib  
With two clumsy handles and bent hick'ry rib  
That was nailed to the legs and curved up to the box  
Was older than I was and strong as an ox:  
The wheel made of plank that were two inches thick,  
Was as true as a cheese-box, the hub was a stick  
That was lashed to the handles in front with some leather  
Cut out of old boot-tops, thrown out in the weather.

This good old wheel-barrow was made of old oak,  
The wheel had no tire and had never a spoke;  
I could push her down hill quite alone, to be sure;  
But when it was up-grade it took three or four,  
'Twas one at each handle and one at each side  
To tug at the side boards, and one in to ride;  
But when it was down hill t'was four in the barrow,  
And I wheeled alone, and she shot like an arrow,

This funny old vehicle, wagon or rig,  
Or what-you-might-call-it, would squeal like a pig  
Held up by the ear, but we greased it with soap,  
And sometimes we oiled it with stuff we called dope.  
We wheeled one whole crop of potatoes one year  
From the patch to the barn, and the corn in the ear  
We wheeled to the rail crib with new clapboard cover,  
But in that worst wet spell, it took work to shove her.

But somehow the wheel got to cracking and broke  
And we then hitched two steers with a chain and a yoke  
To a sled, and in that way kept working along  
Till we got an old sway-backed mule for a song.  
And though the old mule took distemper and died,  
We never talked "wheel-barrow," puffed up with pride.  
We bought two old horses and second-hand wagon;  
And then's when we did our first genuine bragin'.

## SWEET REVENGE

A farmer on rising one morning in summer,  
One morning in summer on rising from bed,  
Observed in the barnyard the tracks of a bummer  
Or some everlasting intruder instead.

They led to the chicken-coop back of the stable,  
Just back of the stable they led to the coop;  
From thence they no doubt led to somebody's table,  
Where chicken was served up in pot-pie and soup.

The farmer went out to his plowing and sowing,  
While working still waiting for shadows of night;  
The shadows now deepen, the sunlight is going,  
And some one is coming for chickens tonight.

A dynamite bomb now awaits the intriguer,  
A dynamite bomb in the coop by the barn;  
Sits under a gang-plank that rests on a trigger  
To which has been fastened a pittance of yarn.

This pittance of yarn in its intricate winding  
Is passed through a pulley nailed down to the floor,  
And the yarn is so dark and the night is so blinding  
That no one can see that it crosses the door.

A form in the darkness unseen by mortality,  
Like some lone spirit returning from hence,  
Possessed with abundance of stealth and rascality,  
Crosses the meadow and climbs on the fence.

Silence is holding a hand of supremacy  
Only excelled by the sleep of the dead,  
While the dark form like the devil in grimacy  
Drops from the fence like the devil instead.



## SWEET REVENGE

It crosses the barnyard and passes the stable,  
It passes the stable as sly as a cat;  
It goes to the hen house and peers at the gable;  
The little square entrance is black as a bat.

It stands for a moment surveying and blinking,  
Then, sliding one foot in the crack as before,  
It reaches with one hand and catches the chinking  
And then with the other it reaches the door.

The next whirling moment is one of preponderance,  
Owing to influx of sounds on the breeze,  
The air becomes paralyzed with a conglomerance  
Wholly unknown in the world's histories.

A moment of calm o'er the annihilation  
Come only to witness the scene of the theft;  
The bomb had worked up such a mad conflagration  
That a little cremation was all that was left.

## THERE ARE SOME DAYS.

There are some days that come to all,  
Nearer our hearts than others all:  
Tinged with a glory from their dawn  
That still o'erhangs their setting sun.  
Above our land or earthly cot,  
Those hallowed days.

There are some days  
That follow us in memories;  
And prove with constant glowing beam  
That the dead past is not a dream.

The shadowy path that leads to school,  
The bended pin upon the stool,  
The master's limber hazel switch,  
That made our very trousers itch,  
All have a place in memory  
That cannot die.

There are some days  
To which our hearts will cling; and yet  
There are some days we would forget.

## JUST AS I AM.

I come not with diamond or jewel,  
Believe it!  
Miss Fortune to me has been killingly cruel.  
I offer no gold to secure your esteem;  
My wealth is a sad heart that you could redeem.  
Will you have it?

If offered a gift of much value  
Forsake it!  
For I have a place of which I must tell you.  
Tho' somewhat secluded 'tis filled with bright love  
That throbs to the measures inspired from above  
Will you take it?

I have a rich store-house with glory  
Enchanted!  
My plea is a simple articulate story.  
My wealth of affection will never go out.  
Am I as a gift worth a smile or a pout?  
Or not wanted?

In love's war is this to regret:  
If we lose it!  
Our struggle must be to forgive and forget.  
But if you should think I am foolish to ask it,  
And wish that my heart should stand still in its casket,  
Refuse it!

## NORTHLAND AUTUMN

When the Summer time is over and Autumn has begun  
And the willows turn to red and yellow hue,  
Then the Sourdough takes from the wall his 30-30 gun  
With a feeling of elation through and through.  
For by the shore of lake and slough and in the open burn  
The Bull Moose soon will come with lordly stride,  
While from the North the Caribou, to Southern haunts re-  
turn,  
To seek his Winter home, and there abide.

When the Summertime is over and Autumn has begun,  
Then the waterfowl, with many a strident note  
Rise to the winds and fly away, toward the Southern Sun,  
To that land of warmth and beauty far remote.  
'Tis then at night a shadowy form slinks through the tim-  
ber screen,  
And sounds unto the pack the coming "kill,"  
While from the swampy meadows, the hills, and deep ra-  
vines  
An answering call comes back where all was still

When the Summertime is over and Autumn has begun,  
And weeks of labor turned to yellow gold,  
And the ice is in the dump box and the sluicing up is done,  
The wonders of this Northland then unfolds.  
The many colored hills and vales, the mountains clear and  
cold,  
The mighty Yukon river's silvery trend,  
Compel a quickening of the pulse like richest wine, and old,  
Or like the handclasp of a long-tried friend.

## ONLY A ROSE

Only a rose that she gave me then,  
Fresh and tender each crimson leaf,  
But my quiet heart seemed to throb within  
With a vague misgiving of future grief.  
Thought I, "the rose is an emblem true  
Of our young loves when first we met,  
But, if the flower's bereft of dew  
Love may become an emblem yet."

Only a rose that she gave to me  
Pinning it near my throbbing breast,  
While I searched in her eyes to see  
Something to answer my unrest.  
Into my eyes her look returned,  
Sparkling without one ray of pain,  
She, it was evident had not learned,  
Love, like the roses, may fade again.

Only a rose that to me she gave,  
Tho' I have kept it as men keep gold,  
Each withered leaf I have cared to save,  
For upon each hang memories old.  
Bringing the same sad tho'ts to me  
That they had brought when fresh in bloom,  
Love is the emblem now I see  
And is encased in memory's tomb.

## A PICTURE IN THE WINDOW.

Why take you so much of such useless endeavor,  
In placing your picture just where I can see;  
Dids't think that my heart was too cold and unclever  
To keep a spare room in its mansion for thee?

I walk past the window in which it is swinging  
So modest and lifelike, bewitching and neat,  
And almost imagine I hear some one singing  
A heavenly anthem with p. p. repeat.

Did you think that I would in your absence forget you  
And hang up your picture just where I could see?  
If so: then I doubted the first time I met you  
That time would revolve with such honor to me.

I musingly pass round the corner while walking  
And try to believe you are looking my way:  
Your lips seem to move and I think you are talking;  
But when I cross over, you've nothing to say.

But why should you think of my heart as so cruel  
As needing your picture forever in view?  
When my heart ever wears the impress of a Jewel  
That looks but too plainly an image of you.



## SULLIED REST.

I have come from my couch of dreaming,  
From the blessed boon of rest,  
But the night was to me unseeming,  
And my dreams may ne'er be guessed;  
I dreamed I was in the wildwood,  
And sat in the rustic chair,  
Surrounded by friends of childhood;  
And that I had a sweetheart there.

I dreamed that her hands from behind me  
Pressed gently upon my eyes;  
And it seemed to be done to blind me,  
To the sound of her tearful cries.  
But I dreamed when she found I knew her,  
She sprang from my reaching arm,  
And I turned with a smile to assure her,  
That I meant her no trifling harm.

I looked in her eyes of sadness,  
And wished to have kissed the tears;  
But her face and form went from me,  
Like the flight of my youthful years.  
I turned with desire to catch her,  
As she vanished above my head,  
And then I was thoroughly awakened  
And found I had turned in bed.



## MAN WITH HIS GOLD

Beyond the night's dreaming,  
Of mortals below;  
How mystic the seeming:  
How little we know.  
Eternity's history  
We cannot unfold,  
Nor fathom the mystery  
Of man with his gold.

I hear of a palace  
Where gold may be seen;  
A river with bosom  
Of silvery sheen;  
Of a city where buildings  
Of jasper mounts high;  
With gates of pure gold  
That encircle the sky.

But 'tis said that the place  
Shall be furnished withal,  
When mortals shall answer  
The trumpeters call,  
And the price of admittance  
For those who go in,  
Will be a clear title  
Of freedom from sin.

And I've heard, and believe,  
In the city of gold,  
Man shall not grow hungry  
Nor suffer with cold;  
For 'tis written the fruits  
Of that clime shall be free,  
And spring-time and summers  
Eternal shall be.

## MAN WITH HIS GOLD

And now with these promises  
Man to delight,  
To feed him, and clothe him  
In garments of white,  
Eternity's history  
I cannot unfold;  
Nor fathom the mystery,  
Of man with his gold.

## THE TRAGEDY OF SUGAR GROVE

The tragic tale that I would tell  
Of odorous disaster,  
Is of a man they could not cure  
With pills or sticking plaster.  
He had a happy heart until  
Misfortune turned the tables,  
And now his rank biography  
Is only fit for fables.

Beneath the shades of Sugar Grove  
His time was most allotted;  
His life had been a round of joy,  
Unhecquered and unspotted;  
But something strange had happened him;  
His "Love," they said, was fickle:  
And all he ate at luncheon was  
A piece of bread and pickle.

In Sugar Grove for hours he sat,  
As if for some one coming;  
He heard no song of warbling bird,  
Nor yet the pheasant drumming.  
He had a pleasant fireside, but  
His habits grew more savage,  
And he had lost all taste for food,  
Except for pickled cabbage.

He struggled in at supper time,  
Complained unrest and bunions;  
But his repast was quite untouched,  
Except his tea and onions;  
No funny jest, or singing clown,  
His conscience e'er could tickle;  
He never smiled, except at sight,  
Or smell, or taste of pickle.

## THE TRAGEDY OF SUGAR GROVE

His physiognomy grew thin,  
His appetite grew thinner;  
Until one day he proved himself  
An absentee at dinner.  
The reaper, Death, had called that way,  
With cordage, crape and sickle,  
And called him to the long repast  
Of an unending pickle.

## THE SUNNY SIDE.

There is a sunny side to every cloud,  
On which the misty vapors sparkle bright.  
Beneath, may hang a dark and murky shroud;  
While o'er the crest is thrown a robe of white.  
A cloudy day or stormy night may seem  
To us, a guest that ever will abide;  
But while the shadows swallow every gleam  
Of light, beyond there is a sunny side.

There is a sunny side to busy care.  
The ready hand, and willing heart, will find  
A pride and happiness beyond compare  
In labor's love and labor's toil combined.  
The passing storms of want, that seem to jeer  
Us in the face with little hope supplied,  
Are not to us the mountains they appear;  
Nor need they hide us from the sunny side.

We sometimes wish to know the future years  
Of time; the good or ill that may our way  
Befall, but it will cost us less of tears  
To live in expectation day by day.  
This much we know, we have a journey here  
Whose leagues are few, whose ending at the tide  
May scatter all the clouds beneath the blue,  
And show us all things on a sunny side.

## THE LITTLE COFFEE POT

In the bustle of the city,  
In the clatter of the throng,  
I hear a merry music  
As the moments pass along:  
It is ever steaming in my ears—  
The merry, merry song  
Of the little coffee pot around the corner.

I must leave it in the morning  
With a very wistful look,  
And perambulate to duty  
In my dusty little nook;  
So I leave it to my trusty  
And vermilion headed cook,  
The little coffee pot around the corner.

I enjoy a bowl of porridge,  
Or a cup of ginger tea,  
And a glass of lemonade or two  
Sometimes invigors me;  
But a cup of coffee makes me feel  
The better of the three,  
From the little coffee pot around the corner.

## KISSING.

Is there any harm in kissing  
With a rosy, romping Miss?  
Is there danger of them missing  
When two persons try to kiss?

Do you think a kiss in meeting  
Is a proper way to greet?  
Would you grant your wife the greeting,  
When the brethren she should meet?

There are kisses; ah! so freezing,  
They would prove a deathly tease,  
And it's just the kind of teasing  
That will cause the heart to freeze.

There are kisses quite annoying,  
Bringing not a single joy.  
There are others overjoying,  
And which never may annoy.

But give me the tender kisses  
Of a rosy, romping Miss,  
And the privilege of misses,  
When at icy lips I kiss.



## BUT ONCE

I saw a youth, one Christmas morn,  
Take something from his pocket,  
And each succeeding year since then,  
Each pocket he has searched in vain,  
For gift of pearly locket.  
His age is now threescore and ten,  
Yet not a single present,  
Has he discovered there since then;  
He lives in an unsheltered pen,  
A gray-haired withered peasant.

I saw an urchin in the street  
Pick up some goblet olden,  
And since that time, his weary feet  
Have wandered out in lane and street,  
For other goblets golden.  
The man who finds a fortune once,  
With small or no endeavor,  
May seek for others like a dunce,  
But find that fortunes come but once,  
And find another never.

## THE SPRING

I am thinking today of the scenes and the seasons,  
Containing the sweeter of days that are gone;  
And am trying to sum up a few of the reasons,  
Why they should come back to my spirit in song.

The song of the wild birds I hear them but faintly,  
As up from the long past sweet music they bring;  
While murmur of brooklets fall quite as distinctly  
As when I first drank at the bubbling spring.

I hear a quaint tune as it falls—as it rises,  
That fell on the valleys and wound round the hills,  
And was played by the cook for the noontide surprises,  
On an old dinner-horn for the hands at the mill.

But nothing has made on my heart such impression,  
And nothing such melodies ever will sing,  
As the clear winding streamlet that led through the  
willows,  
And brought me at last to the deep bubbling spring.

## ONE DAY IN SEVEN

Only a day, like other days  
    With a dozen hours or more, or less,  
But set apart for the saint to pray,  
    And the weary traveler to rest.  
Only a day—like other days.

Only a day, but a welcome one  
    To the weary foot-sore journeyman  
Who thinks, when a six days' work is done,  
    The day of rest is an all-wise plan.  
Only a day—but a welcome one.

It is only a day, but the gift of God,  
    As it gives a soul an hour of peace,  
In the cooling shade by the dusty road,  
    As he travels on t'ward the sweet release.  
Only a day—but the gift of God.

## ONLY A BUNDLE OF SUNSHINE.

Only a bundle of sunshine,  
The size of a widow's mite,  
Wafted across our threshold  
In garments of nature's white.  
Only a bundle of flesh and blood,  
Speechless, and deaf, and all  
Except the sound of a smothered grunt  
Which ends in a deafening squall.

Only a bundle of sunshine,  
That has tarried with us a year;  
Whose language we have learned in part  
Through a smile or a single tear.  
Only a bundle of potter's clay  
With a luster outshining pearls,  
Which promises now, some future day  
To be one of our charming girls.

Only a bundle of sunshine,  
Trotting about the room;  
Now lugging her doll from place to place,  
Now riding the dusty broom,  
Only a bunch of childish smiles  
From beneath entangled curls;  
But her form bids fair, with food and air,  
To be one of our romping girls.

## KINDNESS

It is the lot of some in this cold clime  
To be on tempest tossed from youth to age,  
Compelled by fate to cross the sea of time,  
Their course seems chequered upon hist'ry's page  
And you, dear friend, whoever you may be,  
May change the course of him who needs your hand,  
May calm the waves upon life's troubled sea,  
And pilot him into a sunny land.

Accuse him not tho' guilty he has been,  
He is your brother and he needs your aid,  
And if, perhaps, he were to judge your sin,  
You would a thousand times in shame be paid.  
We all have wronged; ourselves and others, too,  
Have learned to do that which we would unlearn  
Have been to others and ourselves untrue,  
But God shall be the judge of each in turn.

'Tis not for us to speak with careless word  
Nor evil speak of him, who lives a curse,  
The thought to save him that way is absurd  
And the attempt to save him would be worse,  
Ah, no, dear friends, speak kindly of mankind,  
And you in turn may be of heaven blest.  
Harsh words are borne like chaff upon the wind,  
And are poor weapons for revenge at best.

If you desire, and long, some heart to find  
Of which you might make deeds of darkness known,  
Remember this, and bear it well in mind,  
“Seek *first* for *deeds of darkness* in *your own*.”  
So shall you spare your enemies the pain  
Of adding wrath to hate, insults to lies,  
So shall your heart and tongue become a twain  
Of holy, happy, God-like purities.

## CHARITY'S MANTLE

Are you clad in a cloak of homespun,  
Or hidden beneath your furs;  
With a glow of comfort upon your cheeks,  
That only a comfort stirs?  
Look up at the sky above you,  
And in at your neighbor's door;  
And ask of Him who has blest your lot,  
What duty you owe the poor.

Are you sitting beside the firelight,  
Or the tinkling chandelier;  
Dreaming of comfort more complete  
When the summer days draw near?  
Look in at the cheerless hovel,  
Where hunger and death abound,  
And ask yourself where an instant germ  
Of simple relief, is found.

Are you blest with entrusted friendship,  
With words that admire and praise,  
With songs of mirth, or a sweet caress,  
As rapidly pass the days?  
There are weary hearts and trembling limbs  
In silent, sore distress;  
Go to them and leave an offering  
That shall be their God's caress.



## PHANTOMS IN THE FIRE

I sit by the hearthstone when daylight has faded,  
The sleet dashes in 'gainst the hard window pane,  
I am thinking of youth and the creeks that I waded,  
And the promises made not to do so again.

The firelight is dying; I put on more fuel  
To strengthen the phantoms that picture my youth;  
And out on the wall comes the giant most cruel,  
Whom they spoke of while trying to pull my first tooth.

The blaze assumes shapes and the fanciful pictures  
Remind me of fish worms and long slender poles,  
But as they diminish I see but the mixtures  
Of hickory switches and old leather soles.

But, see! There's a picture just over the ashes,  
The face of a first love I promised to wed,  
While as it recedes, there appears the mustaches  
I used to lay off upon going to bed.

'Tis strange when I look where the fire burns brightly,  
The fairy forms dancing that come at my call,  
And that now reminds me, I skipped just as lightly  
When father found out I had been to the ball.

The town clock is striking the hour for retiring,  
I scoop up the ashes and cover the dead;  
And with them I smother my anxious inquiring,  
By quickly undressing and jumping in bed.



## THE THRESHING FLOOR

I'm growing old. The morning star of life is going down.  
But in mem'ry I'm a farmer lad beyond the busy town.  
I'm just below the milldam wading far above my knees  
Or out before the breakfast call to catch the morning breeze.  
The labors of the harvest time are what they used to seem  
When we threshed the wheat and barley with the flail and  
double team.

And the things I best remember, tho' I have been stiff and  
sore  
Were in days I rode the horses first around the threshing  
floor.

I'm thinking of the shaking-forks of hick'ry and of oak  
That were kept above the wagon loft beside the buckeye  
yoke.

I watch them toss the straw above the plump and yellow  
wheat

While I'm slyly wading through the grain to cool my burn-  
ing feet.

And the old exact half-bushel—I can see its image still  
As it tips the wheat and chaff above the hopper on the mill.  
While beneath the sieves the chaff rounds up ten inches deep  
or more

Beyond the mill the wheat rolls out upon the puncheon floor.

As time has changed the customs it has changed the meth-  
ods too,

And the style for doing work is changed to methods rare and  
new.

The painted threshers of today with engines, fire and steam  
May be a labor-saving thing for man and jaded team.

But I think the recollections in that country o'er the sea  
That will set my voice to humming up and down eternity,  
Will come up from echoing valley that my ears have heard  
before,

When I stood behind the windmill on the busy threshing  
floor.

## LAST REQUEST.

Oh, give me a pass through the golden gate,  
Though my step is slow and I enter late.  
I am come bowed down with weight of care,  
With a weary heart and silvery hair;  
And although unworthy so much of love,  
Unworthy a place in the ranks above,  
I am growing too weak to watch and wait,  
Oh, give me a pass thro' the golden gate.

Suffer me, Lord, to pass within;  
My ears grow dull 'mid the battle's din,  
My limbs too feeble to wield the sword  
Would repose awhile and await reward.  
I would not be exact in this wish of mine,  
And will wait for any command of thine;  
Yet I would the unknown life begin,  
If I may be suffered to pass within.

Oh, give me a place at Thy right hand,  
Where my soul may feast on the beauteous land,  
Where I may review that heavenly sphere,  
And greet the friends who have left me here.  
Thou hast never refused my cup to fill,  
Nor have I doubted thy own good will;  
And while I shall wait Thine own command,  
I long for a place at Thy right hand.

## EVIDENCE NOT ALL IN

A meager evidence of spring has come;  
The frost is climbing from the fissured ground;  
A bud stands up and bursts and nods around,  
And breathes, "Well say! was not that going some..."

Another tiny proof of spring have I,  
A glossy red-breast from the southern hill  
Comes hopping, skipping 'neath my window-sill,  
And brings up, posing, with his crest awry.

Alack! and now another day appears;  
The bursting buds give evidence of blight  
That came upon them in the passing night;  
The pearly dewdrops are but frozen tears.

Last night the red-breast roosted through the storms,  
Within the cleft of a wind-shaken limb;  
No break of fast for honeybees or him,  
No perfumed flowers, no wriggling angle-worms.

Ah, well! a few more bitter storms,  
A disappointment now and then, maybe,  
Will make the flowers and birds more dear to me,  
And springtime seem more precious when it comes.

## SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE

There is a place, we know not where,  
But that the scenes are rich and fair,  
And that it lies far and away—  
How far, how fair, we may not say;  
But that there is no anxious care,  
No frost, no storms, no tangled snare,  
No bitter griefs nor sorrows there.

There comes a music to my ear,  
Borne on the breeze from some glad sphere,  
A harmony from some fair hand,  
That filters down from upper land.  
Invisible the one who sings;  
Mystic the hands that touch the strings  
Which to my heart such rapture brings.

There will be times, we know not when,  
Beyond description of the pen,  
That will be better than these times  
For soulful songs and sacred rhymes;  
When sweetest music of each hour  
Will flow in one eternal shower  
From some unseen majestic power.

## WHAT THE WILD WAVES SAY

“What are the wild waves saying”  
As over the seas they come?  
Rushing and underlaying  
As if to their sandy home.  
They seem to be made of tear drops,  
So mournful and sad their song;  
Weeping for some poor lost one  
That perchance they may bear along.

“What are the wild waves saying”  
As on to the shores they roll,  
As numberless as the stars of heaven,  
And reaching to either pole?  
Will their mystic song in the morning  
Be the same sad song of the waves?  
Or will it be hushed with the lives of those  
Going down to their watery graves?

What are the wild waves saying?  
Ask of the mad sea's bed.  
Or search 'neath the blanket of water for those  
Who number the seamen's dead.  
Ask at the door of the friendless,  
Of their song on the breezes blown.  
You'll find the sea is chanting a dirge,  
To the dead whom it cares to own.

What are the wild waves saying?  
List to the sea birds' call,  
As they gather in clouds that shade the sky  
Above the masts that fall.  
When the morn shall come and the water still,  
Receding again from land,  
They will leave their ghastly burdens there  
Thrown out on the shining sand.



## WAYFARING.

The way is long, O Lord, that leads  
To cooling springs and fragrant meads.  
I weary of its weary length;  
As here I halt my tired feet  
And pray for rest so far, so sweet.  
I thank Thee for a halting-place

Made glad by thy own smiling face;  
I thank Thee that the dusty way  
Thy footsteps knoweth day by day;  
I thank Thee that some path there be  
From pain and care to peace and Thee

I know my times are in Thy hand;  
I long for light to understand  
How Thou canst for each pilgrim care,  
How Thou canst hear each pleading prayer,  
How unto Thee each soul is known  
As if it walked the world alone.

And sometime I may comprehend.  
The way is long; but at its end  
A clearer vision waits the sight.  
In Thy dear garden of delight  
Wayfaring done, let me abide  
Where never falls an eventide.

## GIFT OF THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER

Behind the glass in a tiny frame  
There hangs in a group 'gainst the parlor wall,  
That hangs through the heat and cold the same,  
The dearer amongst the group of all.

I had but to look on the crumpled form  
That was then possessed of a rich perfume,  
When my soul went out and my heart beat warm  
To the hopes that the flowers brought, in bloom.

I would suffer the giver, if she will,  
To think I've forgotten the giving hand;  
But when I pass by her father's mill  
I see a sweet face in the sacks of bran;  
I see a form in the curling steam,  
I hear a voice in the busy wheels;  
Yet I dare but call it a fitful dream,  
And the same sad story the roses tell.

That bundle of roses faded now  
Will ever command my jealous care,  
And will be as dear to me I trow  
As they were the day I placed them there.  
Then let them serve me as they will,  
Emblems of hopes that may buried be,  
There is one work they can not fulfill—  
That of bringing the real again to me.



## THE KISS OF A SWEETHEART

If a man who departs from his circle of friends  
Makes choice in the farewells of others,  
Tho' each may be sorry and none may pretend,  
A sweetheart's adieu I sincerely commend  
Over grandfathers, uncles and brothers.

A brother may nervously grasp your hand  
And uncle shake firmly and stronger,  
Grandfathers may bless you with ready command,  
But a sweetheart will touch you as if with a wand,  
And tempt you to stay a while longer.

The kiss of a mother is touching indeed,  
While that of a sister is killing,  
The smack of an aunt over half of your face,  
May long be remembered, and quite in its place,  
But the kiss of a sweetheart is thrilling.

## I LOVE YOU.

I love you; the secret I tho't not to tell,  
But trust that by you 'twill be sacred as well;  
I could not contain the emotions I feel  
And to whom but to you could I wish to reveal;  
Your presence has been to me treasures of gold,  
Your absence has filled me with longing and grief,  
And your tenderest smile I no longer behold,  
Than my heart is o'erwhelmed with an instant relief.

I love you, and wonder that loving so true,  
The secret so long I have hidden from you;  
Or that you in my presence could never devine  
The passionate strength of this secret of mine;  
I tried to deceive my own soul in its fire  
And make it believe it were best to forget—  
I begged it to wealth or to pleasure aspire,  
But those Idols lie far in the distance as yet.

I love you; I would that my strength were supreme  
And that all opportunities I could redeem,  
That into your ear I might whisper and say  
"I Love You," no wealth could that pleasure repay,  
And greater, still greater would be my delight,  
To know that in telling you all that I feel  
Would please you and make your life's pathway more bright,  
As by faith at the shrine of your image I kneel.

I love you, 'twere better my feelings were known,  
Tho' I fail to impress you or call you my own;  
My secret is yours, should my wishes be vain  
'Twere best that I hear it nor wish them again;  
Affection may die in the glimmer of years,  
With that which may seem an abiding regret,  
But the heart has an idol it ever reveres  
As long as the heart shall refuse to forget.

## MUSINGS

I cannot stop the swift winged birds  
That pass me in the air.  
But I can say they shall not stop  
And nestle in my hair.

I am not sure that vulture's bill  
Shall never pick my clay;  
But I am sure that while I live  
I'll keep them all away.

I do not know that habit strong  
Shall die and buried be.  
But if the habit may be wrong,  
It need not tangle me.

The weeds may with the barley grow,  
The corn be choked with tare.  
But I can pull them out you know  
When I have found them there.

How many thoughts both good and bad,  
Within our vision lie.  
And we have power to keep the good  
And bid the evil fly.



## THE OLD COUNTRY STORE

How well I remember  
    (Perhaps you do, too),  
When the towns were much smaller,  
    And the country was new,  
How the mails came on horseback,  
    Once a week, past our door,  
And were straightway delivered,  
    At the old country store.

There were dry goods and blankets  
    Mixed up with the news;  
There was ready-made clothing,  
    Hats, caps, boots and shoes;  
There were large candy apples,  
    Which were red to the core;  
And fat candy-babies,  
    At that old country store.

How often I ventured,  
    While awaiting the mail,  
To price the toy-playthings,  
    I found there for sale;  
There were no "Five-cent Counters,"  
    In those glad days of yore;  
And 'twas seldom I purchased  
    At the old country store.

A cheap line of hardware  
    Filled up the back end;  
And a few crooked scythe-snaths,  
    With a natural bend,  
Were kept in a barrel,  
    Which stood near the door,  
With things large and small,  
    In that old country store.

## THE OLD COUNTRY STORE

There were needles, and thimbles,  
Horse-collars and cheese,  
Tobacco and licorice,  
Live rats, and brisk fleas;  
New Orleans molasses,  
Almost too thick to pour;  
All under one roof,  
In that old country store.

## THE HEART IS NOT BROKEN

The heart is not broken, betrayed by its mate,  
Though wearing a sadness or cherishing hate;  
The leaves of the vine may be frozen and dry,  
And when the cold winter comes, wither and die.  
The hearts that are broken cease beating the time,  
The light of the bright eyes no longer will shine;  
Your heart may be bleeding, since you were betrayed  
But never was broken; be never afraid.

Your heart is not broken; believe not the tale,  
Attempt not to prove it, your efforts will fail;  
The unbroken heart is a sweet gushing rill,  
But one that is broken is silent and still.  
Your eyes may be filling with sorrowful tears,  
You may have your troubles, as others have theirs,—  
But put on the old smiles, as if undismayed;  
Your heart is not broken, be never afraid.

Your heart is not broken though living in death,  
'Twill only cease beating when ceases your breath—  
There is no such thing, as many have said,  
That trouble has filled many graves with the dead.  
There are many who die in their troubles, 'tis true;  
Those who have few troubles are dying off too.  
Though sickness may come and you die an old maid,  
Your heart is not broken, be never afraid.



## A BACHELOR'S LAMENT

A bachelor old and cranky  
Was sitting alone in his room;  
His toes with the gout were aching,  
And his face was o'erspread with gloom.

No little ones' shout disturbed him,  
From noises the house was free;  
In fact, from the attic to cellar  
'Twas quiet as quiet could be.

No medical aid was lacking;  
The servants answered his ring,  
Respectfully heard his orders,  
And supplied him with everything.

But still there was something wanting,  
Something he couldn't command;  
The kindly words of compassion,  
The touch of a gentle hand.

And he said, as his brow grew darker  
And he rang for the hireling nurse;  
"Well, marriage may be failure,  
But this is a blamed sight worse."



## THE ROLL CALL.

I love to think of the old black board  
Where we figured up our sums;  
I love to think of the dinner hour  
When the desks were bedaubed with crumbs;  
I've a faint recollection of bended pins  
That we placed on the master's stool,  
But that has nothing to do with the time  
That the master called the roll.

I love to think of the happy scenes  
That have marked the long ago,  
Of the towering hills and the deep ravines  
Half filled with the drifted snow;  
Of the old mill pond, where the girls and boys  
Would go skating after school,  
When the old school books had all been closed  
And the master had called the roll.

I love to think of the silent path  
That we traversed on our way,  
Of the babbling brooks half frozen o'er  
That we had to cross each day!  
Those winter scenes tho' cold and drear  
Awaken my very soul,  
But I think the happier moments were  
When the master called the roll.

## LOST AND WON

This world is rare and beautiful,  
Its scenes are rich and grand,  
But there is many a stormy sea  
And much of desert land.  
The beings who inhabit here,  
While some God's laws repel,  
Others fall down and worship Him  
Who doeth all things well.

Some dread to wrestle poverty  
In honest toil and trade,  
And covet gain they cannot see  
Through bargains yet unmade.  
And tho' they gain one point in store  
And of their fortune boast;  
Their honest neighbors have the more,  
While counting none as lost.

'Tis true that some may meet success  
Through all the stage of life,  
And like a lucky game of guess  
May win with little strife,  
And while the players at his bank  
May see his winning fame,  
They still put down another loss  
And with it goes—a name.

'Tis not the hand that gains by theft  
That always gains the day,  
And when of goods we are bereft  
And flocks are borne away,  
'Tis safe the pilfering ones to give  
In care of fortune's mill;  
For those who on their fortunes live  
Will gain misfortune's fill.

## LADDER OF LIFE

The shadows at noonday, tho' shortest of all,  
Increase while the day is declining,  
And as the sun rises the shadows will fall  
At the feet of their objects entwining.  
The sparks that fly upward may shine as they rise,  
But when in the air they cease burning;  
They seem to lose sight of their mark in the skies,  
And you see the dark cinders returning.

The buds that may blossom look up at the sun,  
In beauty and tenderness blooming,  
But when they are fading they fall one by one,  
And forms of decay are assuming.  
The proud, buoyant billows that roll to the shore  
Go out with the currents below them,  
And pass from the sands to embrace them no more,  
As if but one kiss to bestow them.

The grain may be waving and verdant the field,  
While tares underneath may be growing,  
And should they be harvested into the yield,  
The seed will embitter the sowing.  
A single step backward, while journeying on,  
And saving but little endeavor,  
May cost a hard struggle to keep with the throng,  
Or steal a bright pathway forever.

## BRIGHT DAYS, FAREWELL

Farewell, bright days, we drop a tear  
    Upon this parting day;  
If we should meet some distant year,  
    'Twill be in memory.  
The happiness that we have known  
    To new made friends we'll tell,  
And sigh that ye are left alone;  
    Farewell, sweet days, farewell.

Farewell, bright days, we part at last;  
    Our journeys lie apart,  
Ye now glide backward to the past,  
    To future fields we start.  
Our deep regrets shall keep your name  
    In mem'ry's sacred spell;  
And ye will often be the same,  
    Farewell, sweet days, farewell.

Farewell, bright days, we look to heav'n  
    To stay our parting grief,  
And pray to us new strength be given  
    To turn the painful leaf.  
Farewell to teachers, schoolmates, all;  
    And thou! sweet tingling bell;  
Strange music now begins to fall;  
    Farewell, sweet days, farewell.

## MAN WANTED

Give me a man with a courage and gall,  
Who can handle a hand-spike, a flail or a maul  
Without any shirkin' or blinkin'.  
I don't want a man who goes fishin' for bass,  
Or duck hunting in some secluded morass  
Like—ah, well, just let the name pass;  
But give me a man like Abe Lincoln.



*FINIS*











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